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BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

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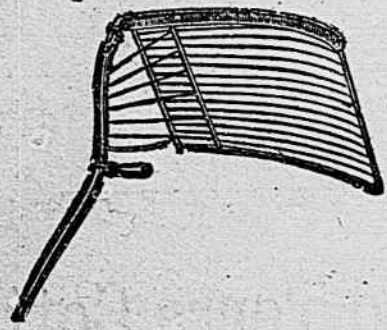
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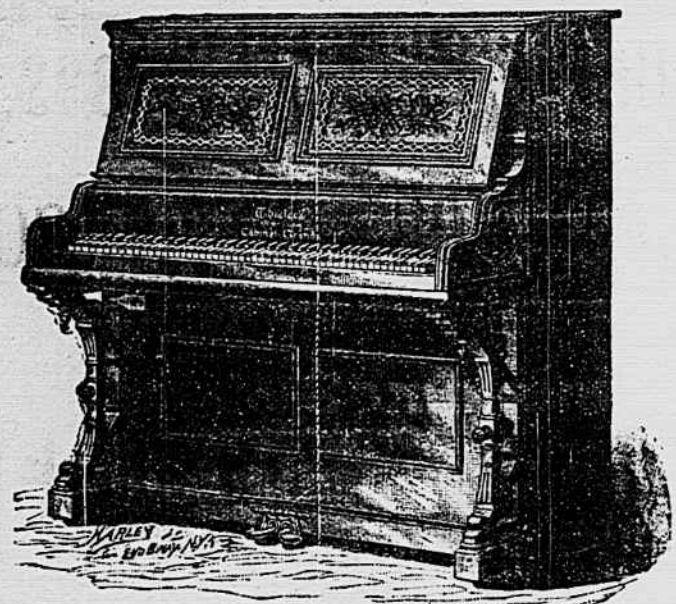
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Yours very truly,

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Our SPECIALTIES in ORGANS are Farrand & Votey, Kimball and "Crown," with several other well known makes always in stock.

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BILL ARP.

He is Tired of Being Made a Target, and Calls a Halt.

Atlanta Constitution.

Judge Clark had to rise and explain. The young people had engaged a hall wherein to have a little dance, and it seems somebody who didn't approve of the business filed a bill of injunction, which came up for a hearing before his honor. Now the Judge is a scholar and has long perused and enjoyed the gifted poets, and after hearing argument he refused the injunction, and calling to mind the beautiful lines of Byron he carelessly said: "On with the dance; let joy be unconfined!" All of this got into the papers, of course, and the Judge received so many letters from his good brethren in the Church that he had to rise and explain in a very pretty letter to the press.

It seems that I and my family are in a dancing scrape and I wish that I could get out of it as pleasantly as did his honor. Ours occurred nearly five years ago and ought to be barred by the statute of limitations, but ever and anon we hear of it from far away like the sound of a tinkling cymbal, and my Christian friends feel constrained to write me or send the papers that talk about it. It wasn't much of an affair, but grows bigger and bigger as the years roll on. I have recently received the *Dallas News*, which a kind lady sent with the dancing paragraph marked, as usual. It was in a sermon preached there a few days ago by the Rev. George Stewart, the partner of Sam Jones in missionary work, and in it he said:

A decoy duck is a thing that proposes to be a duck and is not a duck. The devil decoys by a painted member of the Church that has no life. The devil can tie them anywhere.

Here he related how he was caught by one of these decoys. He was invited to a birthday party given at the house of a Presbyterian elder. The Presbyterian pastor went with him. They had a good supper and a pleasant evening and left at 10 o'clock. The next morning the *Atlanta Constitution* had a glowing account of it and went on to say that at 12 o'clock the dining room was cleared and from midnight to day the jolly party tripped the light fantastic, and among those present appeared the names of Rev. George Stewart and Dr. Hillhouse.

I haven't got over that smirch yet. Letters and postal cards poured in saying: "George Stewart, what is the matter with you?"

Somehow or somehow else whenever and wherever the Rev. Mr. Stewart tells that in his sermons it gets out that I am the duck—the decoy—and I hear of it from anxious friends. If he told it as a fable or an allegory and named no names I wouldn't care. It is a right good fable and there was enough foundation in fact for him to build on, and he built. It is now copyrighted and stereotyped.

The facts are that when one of our boys attained his majority in 1888 we did give him a birthday party, and he invited his young friends and we invited some of ours who were older, and among them was our pastor, Mr. Hillhouse. It was a goodly company of good people who were well raised and well mannered. Rev. Mr. Stewart was not invited, but somehow he came with our preacher and received a cordial welcome. He was not decoyed either by any of us. My wife and daughters had provided a bountiful feast. There was a big fat turkey gobbler at each end of the long table and all the space between was filled with good things. Mr. Stewart enjoyed it, I know, and was given a place of honor and he partook most heartily and dispensed his wit and his wisdom with abundant freedom. Our pastor enjoyed it, too, and joined in the general hilarity. There were none to molest or make them afraid.

About 11 o'clock, after the feast was over, Mr. Hillhouse said to my wife that he had reason to suppose that the young folks had planned a little dance, to which he had no personal objection, but as many good people had a different opinion, and as he was a minister, it would be better for him to retire. And so he did retire and took Mr. Stewart with him.

The young people did have a dance and we all enjoyed it, especially my wife, who was raised that way, but now, alas, can only look on and pat her little foot to the music. The festivities lasted a little after midnight and we said our prayers and went to bed.

This is all of it that I know. The editors of the *Constitution* have searched in vain to find any mention of the party in their "next morning" paper or any other paper, and how it got out that Mr. Stewart was at a loss to know. It never got out from Mr. Hillhouse, nor did anybody ever call him to account in letters or postal cards.

We are all truly sorry that Mr. Stewart got smirched at our house and as he seems to have never recovered from it, will do all he can to relieve him. "Touch not mine anointed and Co my prophets no harm," is a cardinal next at our house. Certainly we had no intention to decoy or to smirch him, and hope he will have charity and cease making us a target. "He that hath no charity is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." That is the cymbal that we have heard ever and anon from Roanoke, Va., to Dallas, Texas, and its disturbs our family tranquility for it does not seem amiable or Christian to accept the hospitality of a family and depart with their blessing and then make them a target to shoot at all over the land. King David said: "If I have rewarded evil unto him who is at peace with me may mine enemy persecute my soul and take it. May he tread my life into the earth and lay mine honor in the dust." That is good Scripture, too. Now, as to the sin or inhumanity of the parlor dance I do not propose to discuss with anybody. My freedom of opinion I will maintain on all subjects and I differ to others the same liberty. While I differ with Sam Jones and his co-workers in many things I give them full credit for the good they are doing in reforming the thoughtless and the erring, and I bid them speed on their mission. If pulling me down will help them to raise others up it is all right, but still I do not think it necessary and

write this letter more to relieve Mr. Stewart from the unintentional smirch that he says he received at my house than to relieve myself. Our consciences are perhaps not as sensitive as those of some other people and we may be doing wrong in giving birthday parties with a parlor dance at the close, but no harm has ever come of them, except the smirch, that we know of. Our children love us and honor us and are good to us, and when they gather at the family mansion we are all happy together. We rejoice with those who rejoice and weep with those who weep. I would not intrude even this much of our domestic affairs upon the public, but I have many friends in Texas whose regard I treasure in my daily memories, and it grieves me that they may believe me a hypocrite or a painted duck, and so I hope the *Dallas News* will copy this much of my letter and let me stand or fall by it—and let Mr. Stewart be relieved from the smirch from which he so long has suffered.

We are going to have another birthday party next week, on the 15th. It will be my own and that of our eldest grandson, who bears my name and my birthday, and will then be twenty-one. The young folks will gather as usual, and no doubt, will close the evening with another parlor dance. "Evil be to him who evil thinks."

I am writing history now, and have nearly finished my little book. It will be published by Gunn & Co. of Boston, and be offered to the schools by Professor Robinson, of Atlanta, in the early fall. It is not so good a book as I expected to write, for I have been sorely troubled with my head and eyes, and the physicians have forbidden me to write or read, or even to think very much. It is not so comprehensive, I know, as that of Professor Evans, whose faithful work I admire very much, but it is, perhaps, more suitable for the grammar school, and there is matter in it that will not be found elsewhere, and that I specially desire our young people to know.

BILL ARP.

On the Way to the World's Fair.

The poor old lady had never ridden in a railroad train before, and now she was making the long journey from New York to Chicago. She asked me for my sympathy.

"My son is in the smoking place," said she. "He only laughs at my fears. But I have read of all the horrible accidents in the papers, and I am sure we shall all be plunged into eternity. Are you not afraid? The train goes so fast. I cannot think what keeps it on the track. My son would take a fast train. If you're got to die, you may as well die with a rush," he says. You would almost think he wanted to be killed.

"Oh, you only say that to soothe me, but I am not to be deceived. It's reckless to run cars so fast. I know it cannot be done with safety. There! What a train! Really, you have taken it so much to heart? And do nothing? It happens? And they went so terribly fast, like this? I am sure you ease my mind greatly. I am much obliged to you. I thought it would do me good just to tell how miserable I was. So you have a wife and children and ain't afraid? I am sure you would not run any risk, and I am glad you comfort me. There's the colored man. He wants to speak to you."

"Beg your pardon, colonel," said the porter. "How does you like yo' head." "Mercy on me! How do you like your head. What possesses the man?" "He means how do I want my berth make up. Make it up with my feet to ward the engine, porter, please."

"Oh, I see! Dear me! I'll never dare to go to bed. I shall sit up the whole night, dressed and ready for whatever happens."

"No; don't feel 'at way. There is no danger. Retire just as you would at home, and you will fall asleep and forget your fears."

"Really? Well, I will follow your advice. You cannot think how you have calmed me."

"I shall undress and sleep like a baby. Porter, leave the window open at the foot of my berth and leave the screen in."

"Yes, sir. Say, colonel, yo's right havin' yo' feet made to de enjine. Dat's how I allus tell de passengers. 'Feet to de enjine' is de safest way every time," says I.

"Safest way?" echoed the old lady. "Goodness sakes! How do you mean it's safest?"

"It's easy to see, I kin assure you, ma'am. Ef yo's asleep in feets fast, why dar you say, but ef yo's asleep in wid yo' head ta'd de enjine, den when dish yer train smashes into some other train yo's flung right ag'in yo' head, an' yo' neck is broke just like it was a throw."

"Mercy on me! Are we going to smash into some other—"

"No, ma'am; I didn't say we was a goin' to. All I say is it's best to be prepared. I've been running on dis yer road 32 years, an' I've seen 'leven kerelessions, and every time de folks what's killed is de folks which gits chuckered ag'in' their heads. Only last week in de accident at Ocoee, like I were in, a stout lady like you she—"

But the porter addressed a vacant place. The old lady had fled in search of her son—Julian Ralph, in *Harpers Magazine*.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fester Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hill Bros.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

A Terrible Storm Slips Up on the Old Man.

Atlanta Constitution.

I have seed sights and felt feelings but I never seed nothing like a cyclone before nor never felt nothing like the feelings they bring.

Along in the night of Sunday night I was waked up by the old 'oman hunching me in the back with her elbow in no very mild manner. I had resolved to lay still and let her hunch till she wore her arm out, for I thought she wanted a fire kindled, when a loud clap of thunder away in the northwest was answered by just as deep a roll from the south, which at once livened the old lady up, and she shed kicks and shakes along with the elbow persuasion. Another clap of thunder and her feet played like the sticks of a little drum on my poor old body everywhere from the sole of my feet to about the waistband of my pants, while her hands kept time by a general scramble with the rest of my feeble frame, especially my hair.

"What do you want?" I yelled, when I seed she was desperately in earnest.

Before she could answer again the thunders rolled, and deeper than before and much nearer. She lit out of bed and from the door I heard her scream:

"Sach clouds! Sach clouds!"

I thought by this time that it was well enough for me to get a move myself, for the lightnings flashed and the thunders rolled till it seemed a great battle of mighty clouds advancing to grapple each other. The one from the northwest seemed to be trying old Sherman's plan of getting around the one from the south, when suddenly the southern cloud changed its direction and went rolling and tumbling to the northeast. I saw that the monsters were bound to cross each other's path somewhere and I was sure there would be a shock when they came together. I arose from bed with an air of not being at all scared, to run against the old 'oman who was in a fidget trying to get her houseman frook over her head.

I was moving by this time; I didn't have no time to kindle a light nor help 'em; but by this time I was certain that a powerful storm was coming. I got a hold of my pants after skinning my shins over three or four chairs, but I couldn't get into them to save my life. I was right smart on the fidgety order myself by this time, and slapped by right foot into the left leg of the pantalones, and as I tried to stand on one foot to pull them off a sharp clap of thunder threw me on my balance and I fell flat on the floor in a tangled condition, with my breeches and some chairs. I kicked a-lose in a heap shorter time than it takes me to tell it, and pants or no pants, the mules must be got out from among the old trees of the pasture. The mules had sniffed the danger, it seemed, and met me a short distance from the lot gate. I got the bridle on the "big mule," as we call him, but I hardly know how I did it, for by this time the storm was upon us. The mighty clouds had come together with a jar that shook the earth. Boards were flying and timber was falling; whole panels of fencing were in the air, and houses screamed as they were wrenched from their foundations, and hay and sheaves blinded the elements. I think "the big mule" had "been there" before, for he stiffened himself with all his might, with tail to the storm. I held to the bridle like grim death as the storm lifted me from my feet and stretched me out, waving like a string, from the end of the bridle reins. Hold "big mule," hold bridle and grip! I was my prayer, as I whirled like a cylinder or popped like a whip.

In an instant the whole thing was over, and the clouds went rumbling, tumbling, like many mountains of seething blackness. Great waves collided with a rebound, to meet in a moment again with gathered power. "You shall not cross my path" seemed to say one to the other, as they would come together in a roll of blackness and run side by side in zigzag curves as one or the other seemed the most powerful. As I watched these clouds I lay upon the ground at the feet of the "big mule." The animal had relaxed his strain and looked down on me as if he pitied my frazzled condition, but I knew that the pity of the average Georgia mule would not do to risk myself in that position very long upon, so I gathered myself together as well as I could and went stumbling and scrambling to find the old 'oman. The storm had not touched the dwelling, and I soon had all the comfort that could be given me by a free use of camphor, "spirits" and kind words—principally "spirits"—for a bright light blazed in the fire place and we were ready to laugh at our antics or cry in gratitude for the mercy shown us.

I have not a word to say about our danger. We fared so much better than many of our neighbors that I am content. Mr. Elijah Webb, the great old hardshell patriarch, living on a place settled a hundred years ago, with houses built in the strong way of those days, had all his outhouses swept away. The storm handled the big hewed logs as if they had been straw, and scattered them to the four winds. But he, too, is thankful, for none of his folks were injured and none of his stock hurt. Just a little further on was where the greatest cruelties began. Mr. Weaver lost everything, and all of his family were mangled and bruised. His dwelling, with every vestige of wearing apparel, furniture and crockery, was carried off. His outhouses, fences and growing crop were torn away. The corn was twisted from its place and the field left bare. I mention Mr. Webb and Mr. Weaver because they were my near neighbors and the greatest sufferers in my settlement. Mr. Webb is over eighty years old and has preached at the little hardshell church near his home for a cent in the way of pay. Mr. Weaver was a Confederate soldier, and lost his right leg at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. In this storm his wooden leg was carried away, while he lay pinned down by fallen rubbish. He was badly hurt and some of his children are fatally so, the doctors say. This is written without their knowledge; but if every person

who reads "Plunkett" this week would send just one dime to these two sufferers it would make a handsome sum to their relief. I would suggest that your dimes be sent to Mr. R. A. Hemphill, *Constitution* office, who, I am sure, will see to it getting to its right destination, and he could hold them until all got in and then turn it over in bulk. I want these dimes to come from the Rio Grande to the Potomac, and all real good yankees can send some—if they choose.

Of course our settlement is wild this week on storm talk. Many stories are told; some humorous, some pathetic and some of miraculous escapes. In the case of Mr. Weaver, a little son with skull crushed, lay all night in reach of his mother, but she could not help him. The agony of that poor mother can be better imagined than described. The dumb brutes seem to know that something terrible is coming upon them as these clouds approach, and are most pitiful as they tremble with fear after they are over. There should be no other thought than pity for everything that is caught in these storms; but one will smile at the capers and the feelings had. I am going up to Atlanta and get some of the brethren to let me have a pair of them pants that you jump into out of bed. No storm shall ever slip up and catch me fudging at my pants legs like I did the other night.

Nothing but being awake in a burning building can come anywhere nigh being as demoralizing as these storms. You can't find a match; you tumble over chairs and run against tables; get your pants on wrong side in front, if you wear pants, and if you wear dresses you can't get your head through the right place, and there is tanglement and distress. These things may seem foolish to folks who have never been slipped up on by these storms, but wait, you may think different some day. And the children, they are the greatest source of anxiety at such a time. If you get them awake they can't hold them together. The little things get wild, and but for special providence they would all be killed.

These "close calls" make a fearful feeling different to what he did. I have mended my deportment—would hardly take a little "spirits" in "case of sickness," I was so glad I had quit using, and I have resolved that the little time I have left me shall be spent in making amends for the sins of a long life, all of which passed before me like a panorama, as I whirled from the end of the "big mule's" bridle rein. In the morning after breakfast, I went in and set down by the old 'oman. I drew my chair close up to her and held out my hand. She thought I had a splinter in my finger that I wanted out, but not so; I was seeking a revival of love; I wanted to court her again as I did in our young days, and I wanted to ask her pardon for the carelessness I have shown her since she was all my own. We talked over the high spirits and happy feelings we started out with and made new pledges and sealed them with a kiss that smacked like the kisses of long, long years ago. I don't know how it will be when our scare is well over; but I am sorry now that I can't call back the years wherein I have been so undemonstrative of an affection so much deserved. Younger husbands and wives should profit by these remarks, and if they do I shall feel satisfied.

I hate war mightily, but I will take a slice of it rather than a cyclone in the night time.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

P. S.—To those sending aid to the two sufferers I will send, if they desire, a mighty pretty picture—a picture of myself—upon receiving address with two cent stamp. Send donations as above suggested.

S. P.

A Prison Novelty.

Down in the main prison building of the penitentiary there is a cell which is a curiosity, and shows how some men will occupy their moments while in prison in order to divert their minds. This cell is occupied by one of the best prisoners in the institution—a negro sent up from Barnwell county under a life sentence for burglary and larceny. In view of the fact that the law was changed so as not to allow the imposition of a shorter term of imprisonment than the life sentence for this crime and many other circumstances, repeated efforts have been made to have the man pardoned but without avail so far.

He has fitted his cell up in handsome style. On the floor is a Brussels carpet, and the walls are covered with pictures and Scripture quotations, all neatly framed. The bed is kept as neat as a pin, and the pillows are covered with embroidered slips sent the fellow by his friends. At the head of his bed is a Bible quotation expressive of his repentance of his crime. He has a horse shoe made of wood on his cell door. The whole makes an attraction of the penitentiary that is worth seeing.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists.

—There have been heavy inroads on the United States public domain of late, but the government still owns nearly a billion acres—966,116,883, to be exact. Of this, however, 369,529,600 acres are in Alaska, and not likely to be ever brought into use, certainly not for many years to come, leaving 596,587,283 available in the other States and Territories.

Need of Educated Christian Women.

From the Baptist Courier.

The above heading implies that educated Christian women are by no means so many as are needed. And what is implied is but too true. One of the greatest needs of this day is more educated Christian women. There are about as many fool women in the world at this time as there are fool men, and that is not helping the young men of the country either in the way of sense, or religion—neither improving their heads nor their hearts. And this is the great duty, as it is the great privilege and honor of woman, to be reservoirs of helpful moral influence to the world, and thus save men from sin and impurity which debase the intellect, as well as the soul and the character.

I shall now mention some things that, to my mind, prove very clearly the great, urgent need of educated and particularly Christian women, in this our day.

First, to begin with, here is this *correct-light-facing abolitionism*, a thing which is against health, against intellect and sense, and against religion. The Chinese women glory in their little feet; our civilized (I can hardly say Christian) women glory in their little waists, though to have these little waists their bodies, and that too right over the vital organs, lungs, heart and liver, must be put into the compress, tightly laced corsets, just as the feet of Chinese girls are put into iron shoes. I have been told that in all the medical colleges, upon every graduating class is charged the duty of warning mothers as to the evils that come from tight lacing. Talking on this subject with a very intelligent physician some time ago he said that in the medical books there was described the "corset liver," and a "corset liver" means a "corset heart," "corset lungs," a "corset woman," and from all these "corset women" there comes into nearly every home in this State the inevitable fashion book, with its fashion plates of tall and spindling women, and the conspicuous part, and the part of the figure that seems to be emphasized and attention called to, is the little waist, which is made to be the perfection of womanly grace and beauty. If the thing goes on much longer, a race of women will be raised up without any waists at all. I almost shudder when I look at one of these fashion books, filled up with pictures of tightly corseted women for our daughters to gaze at and admire. If I had my way they shouldn't come through the mails. "Can," I ask myself, "such women as are represented in these plates, ever be the mothers of great men, great women?" And this is need, No. 1, reform in corset wearing, and a great work it is for educated Christian women to do, to destroy this modern Moloch, to which is sacrificed the health and lives of thousands of women in our land.

And, secondly, here is the *rage for dressing among women*, though by no means it is true of all of them. It is not an exaggeration to say that a great many women spend the most of their time, thought and labor, on something to wear. Their minds neglected, their souls neglected, their homes too often neglected, and the serious duties of life neglected, and all for what? Why, simply to gratify their "love of dress and show." There are many "Flora McFlimeys," as they are called, and many others besides "Madison Square," and spend their lives in complaining that they have "nothing to wear." It was to women, and that the Apostle Peter wrote: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." The aim in life of great many women should very properly be measured with a yardstick. And of some of the prevailing styles of female dress I'm ashamed to speak, and in very bad taste particularly is a good deal of the ball garing. The Apostle Peter, in the same connection with the words just quoted, speaks of the "chaste conversation" becoming to women; but should they be less mindful of "chaste" dressing, which is also a lovely thing in woman. And here is need No. 2, reform in dress, and a great sphere of useful work for educated Christian women.

And, thirdly, the "German" dance, and the harm it is doing to women, and through them to society, calls for the influence and active efforts of educated Christian women to suppress it and thus save their sisters and the young men of the country from its contamination. It is enough to condemn these so-called "germans" that they encourage dissipation, it being the case that at them the dancing and reveling are kept up nearly all night, and that they ignore all social and moral differences. This is the case particularly in regard to the men who go to them. They are terrible leaguers, these "germans," and always level down. They are open to men who in character, are moral perils, and shut out from all homes and circles of purity and refinement. It has always been a strange thing to me that some women, and the some are many, that seem to hate vice and impurity only in one of their own sex, and she often the victim of man's faleness and villainy. Paul, writing of the heathen in his day, said: "It is a shame to speak of things done by them in secret," but in this Christian age it is a shame to speak of some things done openly in the "germans" and round dances of the day, and that by people who claim to be Christian people. And here is a wretched thing about these "germans" that I cannot but regard as hurtful to women, as calculated to destroy that modesty which is their glory—the parading themselves, in the newspapers before the public, in their elegant and costly dresses, just as they appeared at the *germans*. There was a time when public sentiment would tolerate such a thing, though done by the women themselves. We may well exclaim with the old Roman moralist: "O tempora, O mores!" Here is need No. 3 for educated Christian women.

Fourthly and lastly, there is great need of educated Christian women to help in the great fight for temperance and prohibition. I believe that women can do more to drive whiskey out of the country and to make young men sober than any prohibitory law. It is in the power of the young women to do it. If they'd only let it be understood, and then act up to their resolution, that they would not notice any young man who drinks whiskey, plays cards, and whose reputation for good morals is not good, that a powerful effect it would have in lifting up young men to a pure young woman's own high plane of character. There is no other class of people hardly that can do as much good in the world, and have such influence for good over young men as young women, and therefore it is so highly important for them to be educated and to be Christians. But, alas! the young women of our country are not what they ought to be. If they were better, young men would be better. Women are like cotton—they rule the moral market. When women go they carry the men up with them, and when they come down from what they ought to be and are expected to be, they always bring men down with them. Said a gentleman to me not long ago, and one who is a gentleman, and travels all over the State, into every town in the State, "why don't you write about the women and try to make them do better. As I go about over the State on the railroad, I see some very ugly conduct, and things to be greatly lamented, in women." It is a hard thing to say, but I believe it is nevertheless true, that men's standard of morality for women is higher than men's standard of morality for men. No man of any pretension to manhood will marry a woman that is not pure and above reproach, and yet a great many women will marry men and associate with them whom they know, or could know, are drunken and immoral. Oh! for educated Christian women to make the women better, acting upon their sisters like leaven, and so make the men, and especially the young men, better. This is need No. 4.

Yes, I repeat, in conclusion, that one of the greatest needs of our time is educated Christian women. We need them in our homes, in our schools and in our Churches. We need them to be wives, to be mothers, to be sisters. We thank God that there are many such women in South Carolina; and that their number may be increased, let us labor and pray earnestly that our daughters, as well as our sons, may be early converted, and then let us see to it that they have the same opportunities for thorough mental equipment as their brothers have. We have now entered upon the woman period of the world—that is, greater opportunities for women, better education and a larger sphere of influence and service. But while we seek to provide the higher education for our girls, don't let us fall into the mistake of neglecting their lower education, that is in training them, on their side of life, for its practical and every day duties, which may almost be summed up in the one thing—to be good housewives. There can be no happy, model homes without a woman so educated, as its presiding genius. A woman that can run the circle of the sciences, and yet don't know how to make good bread and to prepare a toothsome meal, is like "a cake not turned;" educated only on one side. It is true that "man cannot live by bread alone," but it is equally true that he cannot live without bread, and therefore to know how to make good bread is a very important part of female education. In short, a woman ought to be so educated that her Solomon ought to be